

THE CITIZEN.

JAMES M. RACER, Publisher.

Berea, Kentucky

THEIR LITTLE GIRL.

CANTO THE FIRST.

How lonesome-like and still it seems
since she ain't here no more;
I never knew how big a place it was she
filled before;
I miss the songs too, that she sung, and
ma she mopes around
As bad as though we'd went and put our
girl down in the ground
And of dressting 'er up fine and givin'
'er away—
It all seems long ago, and yit 'twas only
yesterday.

How proud and glad he seemed to be
when it was done at last
And they was man and wife and by a
lovin' bond held fast,
And she looked up at him and smiled,
and, fur as I could see,
Appeared to have clean plump forgot
about her ma and me;
She'd only eyes for him, she left us
standin' lonely there;
As long as he was by her side I guess
she didn't care.

And yit to think how once she'd put her
head agin my breast
And tell me I would always be the one
she'd love the best!
She'd never go away, she said, unless I
went along,
And Sunday mornin's often she would
wake me with a song;
And oh how well I mind the day she
came to make me glad—
I see her still just as she lay a-lookin' at
her dad.

How proud we was—her ma and me—
when she commenced to creep,
And how we'd huddle out of bed if she
would ever creep,
And how we watched and how we prayed
through many, many a night,
And how we worked and saved and
planned to make her burdens light;
Yit here we are alone, she's gone! Some-
how it seems as though
Instid of startin' yesterday she'd left us
years ago.

She looked back smilin' when she went—
I seen 'er through my tears—
Behind us gladness lays, ahead are long
and lonely years;
The house seems big and dark; the sun,
I'd almost swear, has ceased,
To light things up the way it done be-
fore she started East!
So here's the end of all the dreams that
made us glad before;
The little girl the good Lord sent belongs
to us no more.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I made a slight mistake, it seems, a lit-
tle while ago;
When she got married and when ma
moved around and took it so
We thought we'd lost our girl, we
thought, the day she went away,
She'd never more be livin' here a-singin'
lullies and gays;
But she's come back, and he's here, too;
It seems he lost his job,
And gosh! the res'tin' he kin do!—Gee up!
Go long there, Bob!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Our Mysterious Passenger.

BY ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF.

THE last whistle had gone, the good-
byes had all been said and the lit-
tle tender, the final link between us
and Old England, was edging away
from our side. The great screw was
thumping away at quarter speed and
we were slowly gliding down the river
Mersey when a little steam launch
gated after us and, bringing up along-
side, allowed a man with a small bag
in his hand to leap on to the flimsy
platform, which was grudgingly low-
ered for him from the great ship's
side. "The proverbial late passenger,"
grumbled the old stagers, and then dis-
appeared below to arrange their cabins
before dinner; while the green ones
stayed on deck and watched the low
shores gradually disappear in the dis-
tance and gathering gloom.

I myself belonged to the former
class of passengers and soon, having
donned a slouch cap, made my way
to the smoking room where, during
the many voyages which I had to make,
most of my waking hours were wont
to be spent. But quick as I was in
getting there, the late passenger had
already put in an appearance, and soon
he and I were talking away and dis-
cussing the last news, which we would
have for some days—nothing of im-
portance certainly; a small railway
accident, a bank robbery and a
mysterious murder were the chief items
which the papers spread through many
columns. As regards the last item, the
rumor was that the murderer had been
tracked to Liverpool and it was sus-
pected that he would try to get away
by one of the outward-bound vessels.
"By Jove, I hope he is not on board
here," exclaimed my companion, as he
rang for drinks and proffered me a
second cigar.

Much traveling and mixing with my
fellow men have made me very chary
of voluble strangers, but this man
seemed to be an exception and, before
we had been talking for an hour, we
were the best of friends and had
exchanged cards and found mutual
acquaintances which made us remark,
as people always do on such occasions,
that the world was small.

J. A. SMITH,

Representing
Jones Brown & Son,
Wholesale Provision Merchants,
London.

was the inscription on his card. It
seemed that he had decided at the very
last moment to cross by this boat to
Canada and had not even had time to
get a ticket at the office. Thus it was
that I proposed that he should occupy
the spare berth in my cabin and
hunting up the purser, we soon ar-
ranged this and also for seats at the
same table in the saloon.

My new friend was a neatly dressed

man of perhaps 40 years of age, of
medium height, with curly brown hair
and a keen searching eye, which gave
one the impression that he was "all
there."

At dinner he proved to be the life
of our table and this first meal, which
as a rule is a thing to be dreaded,
owing to the suspicious reserve of the
average Britisher on such occasions,
passed off with much merriment, of
which Smith was the center. After-
wards in the smoking room, his stories
kept us spellbound for hours and no
one even proposed cards this first even-
ing.

Never did I see a man so quick at
making friends as was this cabin mate
of mine. Before we had been out three
days, he knew every male saloon
passenger intimately and called many
by their Christian names. He did not
seem to care much for the society of
the gentler sex and we all laughed at
his excuse that he was shy. "Jim
Smith shy indeed!" We all called him
Jim Smith by now and some even Jim.
A more openhanded fellow it would
be hard to find and he never seemed
to take offense at the free way in which
his generosity was abused by some of
the shabbier passengers. He would
bring a whole box of cigars up to the
smoking-room and give them away in
handfuls. While not averse to a game
of cards, his chief amusement seemed
to be talking, and when the rest of the
smoking-room habitués were deep in
poker, he would as often as not take
up with one of the quieter passengers
and sit talking, or would walk the
deck with him for hours.

The weather had been fine so far,
but there are always some people who
are sea-sick however calm it be, and
there were several such on board.
Smith made some excuse about perhaps
knowing some of the invalids to hunt
them up in their cabins, one by one.
There he would stay by the hour, pre-
scribing champagne and generally act-
ing the good Samaritan to these ne-
glected ones.

The intermediate passengers next
began to enjoy his friendship, and for
a day or two he charmed them as he
had done us. Intermediate passen-
gers are usually rather sensitive about
their position and think that the saloon
ones are "sidey," as there is not
usually much intercourse between the
classes; but here was a gentleman
after their own hearts and they wel-
comed him with enthusiasm. But they
did not please him as much as he did
them and soon he deserted them for
the steerage. I attempted to remon-
strate with him one evening, as we
were going in to dinner and he had
been forward the whole day, but only
got snubbed for my pains. Soon the
sailors were his chums and then the
stokers; he would be down in the
stoke-hole for hours, taking a hand
as he laughingly told me, and certainly
getting very dirty. This was the last
straw and the saloon passengers sent
a deputation to the captain, and I
gladly joined it, requesting that Mr.
Smith should not be permitted to enter
the saloon if he should persist in get-
ting dirty "for'd." The captain sent
for the accused, and his very appear-
ance condemned him as he emerged
from a companion-way leading from
the stoke-hole and slouched aft, dirty,
ill-dressed and hang-dog looking.
What a change since the first day,
when he had captured us by his charm
of person and conversation! The cap-
tain's remonstrance only called forth
an indignant reply to the effect that
the stokers were a better lot of men
than all the rest of us put together.

Nothing remained but for us to put
him "into Coventry," and this we did
most thoroughly. I moved to another
cabin and the seat on either side of
him at table became vacant. At each
meal he would appear, eat silently and
then at once go for'd again. As if to
complete his descent in the social scale,
he became especially attached to a
down-draft rascal of a stoker and the
two were inseparable. One day this
scoundrel refused to carry out some
order and, on his being pressed to do
so, struck the officer on duty with a
shovel. He was at once arrested and
put in irons. Smith was indignant,
but could do nothing, nor could he
get a sympathetic ear when he tried to
defend his shady friend.

About the time that the Canadian
coast first came into view a rumor was
started, no one knew by whom, that
this versatile man, this J. A. Smith as
he called himself, might be the mur-
derer, who was expected to have es-
caped from Liverpool by one of the
outward bound vessels on the day that
we left. Some one reminded the smoke-
room audience that the fellow had
boarded us after the police officer, who
had looked through the ship, had left
on the tender. A large reward had
been offered, so the last papers said, to
anyone who would give information
which would lead to the villain's arrest,
and it was interesting to note what a
run there was on these week-old
papers. One man—an old Jew—was
seen cutting out the meager description
of the wanted fugitive. Certainly this
description might have been of Smith,
but equally so of half a dozen other
men on board, so indefinite was it.

More than ever, if possible, we avoid-
ed the man. Some were for having
him arrested at once, but a lawyer
amongst us voiced the general opinion
that this was out of the question and,
besides, he was safe enough whilst
miles of ocean rolled between us and
the nearest shore.

This was the state of things on the
morning when we were hailed by the
pilot. Many were the speculations as
to whether the authorities at home
could have tracked the murderer by
now, and whether an officer would not
be on board the pilot boat to arrest
him. But no, only the weather-beaten
old man, whom I had often seen be-
fore, scrambled up the side. He
brought off with him a bundle of news-
papers which we were soon eagerly

perusing, but nothing much had hap-
pened in the eight days during which
we had been lost to the world. A few
lines in a Canadian paper said that the
murderer had been tracked to Liver-
pool, but we knew that much already
and thought that we knew a great deal
more.

The captain wanted to put a couple
of stowaways ashore by the pilot boat,
one of them being the refractory stoker,
but Smith made such an uproar
about this, vowing that he would go
with his friend and would write to the
papers, so that the "old man" weakly
gave in and started again for Quebec.
Some hinted that the captain did not
want to lose Smith and the possible re-
ward for the detection of the murderer.

We reached Quebec late at night
and a cold night at that. The stow-
aways were at once ordered on shore
and again Smith raised a hubbub
about such cruelty. "Well, anyhow,
if the stoker must go then he would go
with him and he should have his top-
coat." We watched the strange couple
go down the gangway arm and arm,
and an out-and-out pair of rascals
they looked. "But Smith must be the
wanted man all the same," someone
was muttering, when, hullo! what
is happening?—a scuffle on the wharf
and several loafers there are all grab-
bing the stoker at once, while Smith
stands aside from his quondam friend
and coolly lights a cigarette, a smile
of quiet triumph the while spreading
over his face and chasing away from it
the rascally hang-dog look which it had
worn for days.

We watched the stoker dragged,
struggling and horror stricken, to a
police van which was waiting near by,
and then Smith, heaving what looked
like a sigh of contented relief, stepped
smiling up the gangway again into
our midst.

He made straight for the captain,
who stood as one dazed, and the two
disappeared into the latter's cabin, but
before long emerged laughing and the
best of friends. Then Smith mixed
with the passengers, all of his old cheer-
ful manner once more upon him, and
soon we learned the truth of his
strange doings.

It seems that he was a detective
officer of well-known Scotland Yard
repute. The authorities in London
had learned, as we had already heard,
that the murderer of whom we had
read had got as far as Liverpool
and they thought that he would try
to escape on one of the three vessels
sailing when we did. So an officer
was ordered to board each of the
three steamers, and thus Detective
Officer Robinson (alias J. A. Smith)
traveled with us. He did not know
whether his quarry was on board at
all; much less did he know in what
capacity he would travel, and hence he
decided to make the acquaintance of
every man on board, hoping thus to
come across his man. It will be re-
membered that the authorities had only
the most meager knowledge of the
murderer's appearance. We had been
at sea for nearly a week and he had
suspected several of the passengers,
myself amongst the number so he
said, before he came across the stow-
away who was working as a stoker.
Him he spotted in some way, and from
that moment stuck to him, as we had
seen. At the pilot station he was
afraid that he was going to lose him,
but, as we saw, persuaded the captain
to take him on to Quebec and himself
sent a cypher message to the police at
that port to be waiting for us.

When asked why he had not arrested
his man as soon as he had recognis-
ed him, he replied that he had made
friends with him instead and had thus
extracted much evidence of the man's guilt.

How he soothed the ruffled feelings
of the "old man" for not having con-
fided in him we never heard, but he
somehow succeeded thoroughly, and as
he shook hands all round and went
ashore for the second time, we raised
a cheer for our friend "Jim Smith,"
who had suffered so much at our
hands.

He left Quebec that night on an
outward-bound mail steamer for Liver-
pool with his man, and we heard
some time later that the murderer was
convicted and hanged for the perpetra-
tion of as dastardly and cold-blooded a
crime as had occurred in recent years.
—Canadian Magazine.

Told of a Widow.

"The widow," said I. W. Read, of
Nashville, "furnishes the most de-
lightful study to the observer of the
tricks and manneers of human beings.

"One summer," he continued, in a
rambling manner, "I was spending
some time at White Sulphur Springs,
Va.—I only tell this as an illustration
of the acumen and intelligence of the
genus widow—and one afternoon a
handsome young woman and her little
6-year-old son sat near me on the
veranda. The little fellow trotted up
to me and I patted him on the head.
"What's your name?" he asked.
"I told him."
"Is you married?" he lisped.
"No, I'm not," I replied.
"Then the child paused a moment
and, turning to his mother, said:
"Mama, what else did you tell me to
ask him?"—Louisville Herald.

His Custom.

A short while ago, a tradesman,
noted for his business integrity or
honesty, called upon an accountant to
examine his books before filing his
petition in bankruptcy. The account-
ant, after going through the accounts,
found that the assets were only suffi-
cient to pay the creditors three shill-
ings in the pound, and he acquainted
his client with the fact. The trades-
man's startling reply was: "Well, I
have always been able to pay five
shillings in the pound before, so I
will make up the difference out of my
own pocket."—Smith's Weekly.



APPLE-TIME.

We ist loves to go to gran'ma's
Apple time,
When the trees ist loaded awful
An' we climb.

'N get ist all the beauties,
Every one,
Up fore day to help 'em gather—
Awful fun!

Gret big Baldwins, yaller Midas,
Sour crabs,
'Ner when we see extry beauties,
We ist grab!

Apple-pie, 'n' apple-dumplin's
Cider, too!
'Nen we have to have a doctor
Fore we're through.

We ist loves to go to gran'ma's,
An' to climb,
When the trees ist awful loaded,
Apple-time,
—St. Nicholas.

LAPPS ARE INDEPENDENT.

Nominally They Are Subjects of the
Czar, Virtually They Are Free
as the North Wind.

In the Russian empire is a race of
people who are supposed to be under
the czar's rule, but who are practical-
ly independent, for the simple reason
that the Russian soldiers cannot get
at them. Everybody has heard of
Lapland, in northern Europe, but
there are two kinds of Lapland. One
is on the very edge of the continent,
in a country so barren and desolate
that about the only living creatures in
it are the reindeer on which the
northern Lapp exists, the wolves,
which live on the reindeer, and the
Lapp himself.

In this territory, says the New York
Tribune, the herder Lapps roam at
will. The country is more passable in
winter than in summer, for it is tra-
versed by numerous rivers and marsh-
es, which can be crossed only when
frozen over, unless the traveler carries
his boat on his back. But with the
coming of winter the Lapps utilize the
icebound rivers as thoroughfares in
their travels. They know the best
foraging grounds and the places where
shelter may be afforded for a week's



THE HOME OF A LAPP.

encampment. The resting places of
these nomads within the arctic circle
depend upon the moss patches—the
food of the reindeer. When it has
been eaten off the ground they must
strike camp and go elsewhere. As a
herd of 100 deer will soon strip half a
dozen acres of the moss growth, it
does not take long for them to eat up
everything around the settlement,
even the shoots of the birch and wil-
low trees, as far up as they can reach.
So away goes the band, and the place
may be deserted for several years, as
it requires three or four seasons for
the moss again to spread over the
ground from which it has been eaten.
This is why the Lapp wanders
through valley and over plain, as does
the tribesman of the desert. He must
move to live, but this sort of life has
sharpened his wits, and he is as
shrewd at driving a bargain as the
prayerful Yankee or Scotchman.

It is not strange that the aged
women are ugly when it is remem-
bered that years of bending over the
fireplace with the inevitable pipe have
smoked them within and without al-
most into living mummies. When
placed in her pulk during the fam-
ily migration, grandmother is as bur-
ied in furs as the youngest baby, and
when the tent is put up at the new en-
campment she is the first to be car-
ried in. The fact is that the true Lapp
looks after his old better than his
young. He may be a thief, liar and
vagabond, but this can be set down
to his credit. After the aged come
the reindeer, then the younger women
and children.

The average Lapp of the north
country hates water as much as a cat
does. Such a thing as a wash is al-
most unknown. In the winter fam-
ilies of a dozen or more live in their
little snow covered huts, crowded to-
gether like sardines in a can. The wa-
ter they need for cooking and drink-
ing comes from the snow, and fuel is
so scarce that the idea of melting
snow for bathing would be considered
a crime. Consequently when spring
comes they leave their tents with
their skins nearer the color of leather
than a human tint—the results of
combining dirt and smoke. The Es-
quimaux has been called the dirtiest
race on earth, but it is a question if
the Lapp cannot give an Esquimaux
points and beat him in this respect

LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH

They Live on the Gold Coast of West
Africa and Are Known as
the Fantis.

In most civilized countries laziness is
looked upon as a vice. If a man does not
work neither shall he eat, is the rule in
such nations. But in tropical lands,
where nature is very kind, food can al-
most always be had for the mere gather-
ing. This will explain why the Fantis,
of the west African Gold Coast, will not
work. A penny a day will enable a Fant
to live like a fighting cock. Why, there-
fore, should he distress himself? If he
wants any little extra, such as tobacco



CARRIED THE BARROWS ON THEIR
HEADS.

or strong drink, it is even then hardly
necessary that he should work for it, for
there is no tax on his wife. He believes in
a fair division of labor—the wife earns the
living, and he consumes it. A hundred
Fantis will do less than a dozen English
navvies, and do it badly without a white
overseer. Under a Fant overseer, they
soon begin to shirk the work and lie
basking in the sun, and by and by the
overseer joins them. Every burden is
carried on the head. Set them to carry
stones from a heap and they will carry
them one by one on their head, walking to
and fro, no matter what the distance.
A contractor for some buildings at Cape
Coast introduced wheelbarrows. The
Fantis rose to the occasion. They
carried the barrows on their heads!

PUG DRESSED LIKE A BABY

How Teddie's Mistress Managed to
Carry Him Back and Forth
on Street Cars.

This is a real true dog story.
He is a pug, and a great pet of his mis-
tress, who is very fond of his fine pedi-
gree. One day she discovered that Ted-
die could not see as well as usual. She
felt as sad as if he were a brother or sis-
ter, and a famous oculist was consulted,
who told her to bring her pet dog to him.
They started, but a great obstacle pre-
sented itself. Conductor after conduc-
tor insisted that the dog should not ride
on his car; so it was only after getting
on and off about a dozen times that the
doctor's office was reached.

Teddie was as quiet as could be while
having his eyes examined, and his mis-
tress was told she must bring him every
day for a month, and all would be done
for him that was possible. So Teddie's
mistress went to a neighbor who had a
small baby, and borrowed an outfit that
was not too dainty. Teddie kept very
quiet while being dressed in the long
white dress; then a cloak and muslin
cap, and over the face a long white veil.
Thus they started. Immediately upon
entering a car, if it was filled, up would
jump a man to give the lady carrying a
little baby a good seat. Teddie never
wagged his little curled-up tail once,
neither did he even bark.

Each day the trip was taken with the
same result—a good seat and a very
quiet baby.
One day the doctor's office was filled
with people waiting their turn, when a
lady turned politely to Teddie's mistress
and said: "My turn comes next, but I
will wait for you on account of your
baby. It is so very tiresome to wait with
a baby."

The doctor opened his door at that mo-
ment and called them both in his pri-
vate office. He said: "I will show you
the very best patient I have," and took
Teddie carefully in his arms. He threw
back the white veil and disclosed the
dog's little pug nose and pert little face,
looking out cutely from under the frills
of the cap.

Teddie can see pretty well out of one
eye now. His mistress expected a huge
bill for the expert's service, but instead
she received a receipted bill from the
good doctor, with a note saying that as
Teddie was the first patient he had ever
treated of royal dog blood, he esteemed
it a great honor to have been the means
of helping him.—Cincinnati Commercial
Tribune.

Japanese Village in Volcano.

A little Japanese village, 30 miles
from the town of Kumamoto, is situ-
ated in the crater of a volcano, which
may some day become active again.
The village, lying 900 feet below the
top of the volcano, the walls of which
are very steep, is quite hidden from
sight. Its 2,000 inhabitants seldom
leave the place.

Easier.

Rich but Indulgent Uncle—Harry,
my boy, give me a list of the trades-
men you owe.

Spendthrift Nephew—Er—uncle,
here's a list of the fellows I don't owe.
—Chicago Tribune.

The Result.

Johnny—Papa, what does it mean
when you say a man is good at re-
partee?

It means he hasn't any friends.—
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

Time Table in Effect May 1, 1904.

Going North. Train 4, Daily
Leave Berea..... 3:48 a. m.
Arrive Richmond..... 4:12 a. m.
Arrive Paris..... 5:28 a. m.
Arrive Cincinnati..... 7:50 a. m.

Going South. Train 5, Daily
Leave Berea..... 12:55 p. m.
Arrive Richmond..... 1:25 p. m.
Arrive Paris..... 3:18 p. m.
Arrive Cincinnati..... 6:00 p. m.

Going South. Train 5, Daily
Leave Berea..... 11:24 p. m.
Arrive Livingston..... 12:30 a. m.

Trains No. 1 and No. 5 make con-
nection at Livingston for Jellico and
the South with No. 21 and No. 27.

W. H. BOWER, Ticket Agent.



DR. V. H. HOBSON
Dentist
Office next door
to Post Office.
Richmond, Ky.

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Work of all kinds done in a
workmanlike manner at rea-
sonable prices and with
dispatch. All work guar-
anteed by

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RICHMOND, KY.

Corner of Main and Collins Streets

One of Many.

H. A. Tisdale, of Summertown, S. C.
suffered for twenty years with the
Piles. Specialists were employed
and many remedies used but relief
and permanent good was found only
in DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.
This is only one of the many cures
that have been effected by this won-
derful remedy. In buying Witch
Hazel Salve it is only necessary to
see that you get the genuine De-
Witt's, made by E. C. DeWitt & Co.,
in Chicago, and a cure is certain.
DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures all
kinds of piles, cuts, burns, bruises,
eczema, tetter, ringworm, skin dis-
eases, etc. Sold by East End Drug
Co.

To Citizens of Berea and Vicinity:

My shop is the most complete
and up to date in this part of the
State for doing all kinds of

WATCH and CLOCK WORK, JEWELRY REPAIRING, Etc.

I do work for most prominent
people of Berea and vicinity.

Work sent to me by mail or express
will have prompt attention and
charges paid one way.

S. G. FRANKLIN,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

REFERENCE: Bank of Mt. Vernon.

Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost
fatal attack of whooping cough and
bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Hav-
iland, of Armond, N. Y., "but when
all other remedies failed, we saved her
life with Dr. King's New Discovery.
Our niece, who had Consumption in
an advanced stage, also used this
wonderful medicine and to-day she is
perfectly well." Desperate throat and
lung diseases yield to Dr. King's
New Discovery as to no other me-
dicine on earth. Infallible for Coughs
and Colds. 50c and \$1.00 bottles
guaranteed by East End Drug Co.
Trial bottles free.